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are invited to inspect the "Hess improved Bicycle Shoe." They are the best made; endorsed by all leading riders in the country. Rubber soles guaranteed and extra ones furnished free.

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HERMAN & HESS,
ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS.
406 East Douglas Ave.

Rev. Sam Small,

—WILL—

LECTURE

AT THE

FIRST M. E. CHURCH,

FRIDAY, July 8th.

Subject: "From Bar Room to Pulpit."
Tickets on Sale at Hyde and Humble's.

Snap No. 2.

75 feet of ground with good orchard, two story, 7 room house, hall closets, fine arrangements, good repair, call and see photograph.—Price \$550.

Hartford Investment Co.

Room 402 Sedgwick Building.

It J. Muller having bought out the grocery of J. J. Dorey will continue the business at the same place. Anyone wishing first class groceries call at J. Muller, No. 224 North Main.

Be sure you get a leaf with every purchase at the Wichita Book company, as every twenty-five returned to us gets you a prize.

I will sell my grocery, having the best country trade, to a good man. A rare chance to the right man. SAM BURKE, West 24th.

When you go, take the Frisco line to St. Louis and the east for the reason that it is the only line running two solid trains daily without change of any class to St. Louis morning and night, and is the only line having palace reclining chair and Pullman sleeping cars in morning and night trains. Always on time and sure of making eastern connections at St. Louis union depot.

For Kansas City, St. Louis and all points east take the Missouri Pacific railway. The shortest line to St. Louis by 48 miles. No change of cars of any kind between Wichita and St. Louis. Only five hours between Wichita and New York City via the Missouri Pacific railway. City ticket \$12.00. 120 North Main street.

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Written entirely by the doctor, for Dr. W. C. Chase.

Why pay \$1.50 for Dr. W. C. Chase's first book, thirty years old, revised and the greater part added by the publisher, R. A. Beale, when you can get his third, last, and complete book, written entirely by the doctor, for \$2.00. Sold by agents only.

Railroad Arrangements for the National Encampment G. A. R.

For the National Encampment, G. A. R., at Washington, D. C., August 12-15, 1892, the Ohio and Mississippi railway offers an excellent service of through limited buffet vestibule express trains, with Pullman sleeping cars from St. Louis to Washington. The encampment will be the greatest event in Washington since the grand review of 1862.

No railroad in America is better equipped than the O. and M. and connecting lines to transport large volumes of passenger traffic with dispatch, safety and comfort. Their long experience in transporting crowds to inauguration ceremonies, Knights Templar convocations, and similar gatherings on an extensive scale, will prove most valuable in carrying the thousands to the encampment.

COCKERILL'S LETTER.

Story of Henry B. Hyde's Remarkable Business Career.

This is a Son-in-Law Era—A Host of Men Who Have Become Famous and a Host Who Are Lost to Sight.

(Copyright, 1892.)

Occasionally I pass on Broadway the spare, active form of Henry B. Hyde, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, and in his own personality as well as by virtue of the great corporation he has practically created, one of the most remarkable men in the world. A friend of Mr. Hyde, in reply to my question asking some details about Hyde's career, said he supposed that less had been printed about this man than any other who ever filled so important a public function. "Hyde," said he, "has, all his life, been a worker and not a talker. It is as true of him now as it was thirty years ago, about which time he conceived the idea of the company whose name he has so efficiently identified with the idea of equity.

And he is almost as active now as he was then, although years have told heavily on most of his contemporaries. If it be no small achievement to found an empire or to plan a city, it seems to me fair to make a comparison between them and such an achievement as Hyde's. For he has created and brought up to its highest pitch of usefulness a society—he prefers that word to the term corporation—which, measured alike by the standards of usefulness, wealth, influence and extent, I am very free to say, is no peer.

"Now and then I hear allusions made to the enormous sums annually paid Mr. Hyde by the society as a salary for his services. I consider it a trifle. The directors of the New York Life Insurance Company resolved the other day to pay Mr. William H. Beers, an ex-president of that corporation, the sum of \$75,000 annually, as a pension, and to some extent in lieu of the salary of \$75,000 which he had annually received during his incumbency.

When some of the policy holders made objections to the payment of this salary, it was pointed out to them that that gratuity was equivalent to a contribution of about ten cents per year from each of the policy holders, and that for a man who had devoted his life to the service of such a corporation, without growing rich in it, as most corporate officers do, such a contribution was simple justice.

"I don't believe it has ever found its way into type, or, at all events, not so recently but that it is of much interest to the public. I believe, however, that Mr. Hyde raised the salary issue with his former employers, the Mutual Life Insurance Company, before he had more than matured in his own mind his plan of starting the Equitable. No doubt you have heard that there was a difference of opinion between Mr. Hyde and President Winston. But, as I hear the story on the inside, that difference of opinion was actually about the amount of Mr. Hyde's salary. Already he had become an active, a useful and well-known figure in the life insurance world. It was just before then that an uptown club to which he belonged objected to his talking about life insurance in its clubhouse, and intimated that a life insurance solicitor, such as Mr. Hyde then was, should leave his business or profession behind him when he entered the club doors. Hyde heard of it and got out of the club. But he bore the facts in mind, and in his secret way has since kept track of the movements and careers of some of the very men most instrumental in ensuring his success. He would have been more than human could he have failed to feel a sentiment something approaching to exultation in his after life over applications made to him by those former club members of his for assistance which he generously and quietly extended. But that little incident has been the keynote of his own life. Insurance, insurance, has been the topic of his waking and sleeping hours. For my part, I believe this devotion to business is not only the way to get rich, but the very best known method of reaching a serene and vigorous old age with mind and body alike unimpaired.

THE DWIGHT CASE RECALLED.

"Did you ever hear the Dwight story? No? Well, I have heard Mr. Hyde say that it was the course his society took in that case which enabled it to take the lead in life insurance and to hold it. Some fifteen years ago Col. Walton B. Dwight, of Binghamton, N. Y., a broad-shouldered, blonde giant, six feet two inches in height, with an hearty and always up to his eyes in affairs, died with his life insured for \$250,000. Instantly what is now famous as the 'Dwight case' began in the courts and has figured more or less in them ever since, although I believe that even the last of the recalcitrant companies finally paid.

"At that time a quarter of a million dollars of life insurance was simply astounding, the very existence of which was sufficient interest to attract attention from Maine to San Francisco. Col. Dwight's \$250,000 had been placed in twenty-six companies, some of which for years attempted to prove all sorts of astounding and romantic hypotheses to release them from their liabilities on the face of his policy. Several of the companies actually formed a partnership with a detective almost as well known as Allan Pinkerton himself, by the terms of which they agreed to pay him \$50,000 in cash for the production within six months of 'Walton Dwight alive,' or of evidence that 'Dwight had been alive one year subsequent to the 15th of November, 1878.' This was one of the marvelous tales then freely discussed and which had just been recalled prominently to public attention by the Grand jury at Buffalo, N. Y., in which the fact that the insured has actually been identified years after his death was apparent to the insurance companies. Col. Dwight's death was a sudden one, just four days before the second quarterly premium on his life insurance policy became due. It is known to me that he had no money with which to pay these premiums at that time. At an autopsy held promptly, a number of Col. Dwight's friends and acquaintances were present, as well as physicians representing the insurance company. Five months after the burial Col. Dwight's body was exhumed and reexamined and the life insurance doctors, who then inspected it, declared that a certain gunshot wound which he was known to

have received at the battle of Gettysburg, was nowhere to be found.

"These were the preliminary incidents of a contest in the courts which has had few parallels. But what my friend, Mr. Hyde, thinks was the turning point in the career of his company had already been reached by him and it in the Dwight case. Immediately on notification of Col. Dwight's death, Mr. Hyde dispatched one of the trust-est agents of his company to Binghamton, telling him to investigate the case thoroughly and report at once. Col. Dwight held \$40,000 insurance in the Equitable Company, a very large sum for any one company to hold at that time on any one man's life. While the other twenty-five companies were making their arrangements to litigate the Dwight case, Mr. Hyde received word from his agent at Binghamton, a confidential and intelligent man, that he could find no good reason why the Equitable Life Assurance society should not pay the claim without delay. Through Mr. Hyde ordered the policies settled, and the Equitable's check for \$40,000 was, within ten days, sent to the beneficiary. So great was the public excitement over this case and so widespread and numerous were the publications made in regard to it that the fact that Mr. Hyde's company had so promptly paid such a large sum became known at once all over the civilized world and was the greatest positive value to the company and to its president as an advertisement. Since then the prosperity of the company has been uninterrupted, and it is now writing policies within a few hundred of the 600,000 mark. Think of what the 600,000 men and women, mostly men, who hold these policies, stand for in the life of the world to day—the energy, the self-denial, the economy, the forethought, the love and affection, indeed, all the best qualities of humanity which are so saliently present in that phase of their character which prompts them to make these investments!"

Mr. Henry B. Hyde's life is insured for, I believe, \$165,000. John B. Stetson has \$360,000. Pierre Lorillard, John Wanamaker, Cyrus W. Field and John V. Farwell have \$250,000 apiece. George M. Pullman has \$100,000, and Cyrus W. Field at one time had \$340,000. An acquaintance of Jay Gould says that the "Little Wizard" can produce, on an emergency, policies for \$415,000 on his life. William H. Vanderbilt was at one time insured for \$200,000. I believe the heaviest life insurance ever paid was to the heirs of Sir Robert Clifton, of England, who received \$1,350,000 at his death. The Duke of Newcastle, the marquis of Anglesea and the earl of Fife at one time carried \$6,350,000 life insurance between them. Empress Eugenie is now living, I believe, on the interest of the \$600,000 life insurance which Napoleon III. left her.

THE SON-IN-LAW ERA.

This appears to be the era of the son-in-law. It seems to me there are more son-in-laws just now than are absolutely needed, and yet the list grows with amazing rapidity. I have just heard of an in-law who are that and nothing else. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, having succeeded to the position and business left him by Horace Greeley, would have made something out of his talents and his opportunities, but the fact that he soon became a son-in-law at once insured his success. The most conspicuous son-in-law that this country affords is Col. Elliott F. Shepard. In this field of endeavor he has achieved the most prodigious success, while all around him thousands have failed. Still, I believe, was a very poor lawyer, with hardly one case to rub against another, as it were, when he met and loved the daughter of a Vanderbilt. From that moment he gave up all thoughts of becoming a great lawyer and bent all his wonderful energies to becoming the greatest son-in-law the American republic has ever produced. In this connection I point to Col. Shepard with pride. Had he been nominated for vice president in Minneapolis his declaration of principles might have been that of David Bennett Hill for brevity and beauty. "I am a democrat," quoth Mr. Hill; while Mr. Shepard could have said: "I am a son-in-law." I have always thought that Mr. Vanderbilt was unjust in his characterization of Son-in-Law Shepard when he said—but never mind what he said. It was unjust and undeserved, and should not appear in a family newspaper anyhow.

A very interesting son-in-law, and one who might have made a great success of it, is Mr. J. Coleman Drayton. Having married an American woman, he imagined that he had already accomplished his object all sublime; but the sacred marriage ceremony does not constitute everything. A man who cannot maintain himself in a son-in-law ship after he has achieved it might almost as well not have achieved it at all. It would not surprise me if Mr. Drayton proved to be a better man as an ex-son-in-law—for he is practically an ex son-in-law—than he was as a son-in-law. If he doesn't, he will never accomplish a great deal in this world.

There are sons-in-law who deserve to be in better company. William C. Whitney married Henry B. Payne's daughter, and a charming woman she is; but he would no doubt have got into the cabinet and have been mentioned for the presidency had he married the daughter of anyone else. My esteemed friend, Mr. J. H. Patterson, the editor of the Chicago Tribune, won honors before he won a wife. But as the son-in-law of Mr. Joseph Medill, the owner of the Tribune, I expect to hear of his continued success in journalism. Mr. Howland Carroll was a good and very well-known newspaper correspondent, but as a son-in-law of the rich Mr. Starin he is slinking his identity in the steamboat business. There have been great opportunities in journalism since Mr. Carroll forsook it for steamboats, and he remained true and steadfast to his profession he might now be editing a daily newspaper instead of frittering away a valuable career on board a yacht.

A melancholy and almost deplorable case of son-in-law is that of Mr. McKee, who married the president's daughter and is the father of Baby McKee. Mr. McKee's progeny is a factor in the republic and would be recognized making mud pies on any roadside in this country—particularly if grandpa was in the vicinity. I don't know who Mr. McKee is, but if he met him in the big road? Baby McKee might, but it is not certain that he would care to.

The son-in-law who does not materialize is another sad phase of this subject. He is almost as sad as the son-in-law who does materialize and the old man wishes he hadn't. I was told the other day that Broker Giovanni Morosini had a very promising young man picked out for a husband for his handsome dis-

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DANGEROUS GAME.

The Vindictive Pecary and Some of Its Queer Traits.

The Hunters Who Know Anything About This Strange Animal Select the Branches of a Tree as a Point of Vantage.

"I haven't the least idea in the world that you ever hunted a pecary, did you?" asked a sportsman who affects a knowledge of and delight in large and out-of-the-common kinds of game, says the New York Sun. "Of course you never did, and unless you have a cartload of nerve and ammunition enough to stock a garrison I wouldn't advise you to. The pecary, as you doubtless know, is a little animal somewhat on the wild hog order, and he roams pretty much where he pleases in southern Texas and about the Texas and Arizona border. It is a time when it was thought that nothing would kill a pecary but arrows incited with the deadly poison of the bloated rattlesnake of the Staked Plains, which the Apache Indians have a cheerful way of distilling and applying, but that was before the days of Winchester rifles. A bullet from a Winchester is just searching enough to find a pecary's vitals, but the range doesn't want to be too long.

"When a man goes out hunting pecaries he doesn't trip lightly through the forest, steal upon his unsuspecting game and bring it down with his trusty rifle. Not when he hunts pecaries, he doesn't. If he did, nineteen seconds after he fired his first shot he would be apportioned out among the drove in two-course lots, buttons, boots and baggage counted in. The daring pecary hunter shins up a tall tree near where the cheerful creatures will more than likely come to feed. The pecary has one great virtue. He can't climb a tree. Perched safely on a limb the bold hunter waits for the coming of the pecaries, and when the drove comes trotting and grunting along beneath him he sends a bullet through a pecary's heart. The wounded pecary lies down at once. He knows just what's the matter. He turns his glittering bead of an eye up toward the hunter and dies without uttering a sound.

"One pecary killed out of a drove, the hunter must either have ammunition enough to kill all the rest or provisions enough to last him a year, for the survivors at once take positions around and about the tree and there on their haunches waiting for the hunter to come down. If, in the fullest sense of the word, can be expressed by looks, then the pecary can look and act it toward any living thing that has done it or its companion an injury. The pecaries were the original knights of the beginning. 'An injury to one is the concern of all.' They never let up when they start out to avenge an injury. The hunter may shoot one after another of the waiting and watching drove, and each one that he kills is a death wound, lies down without a murmur and dies, never removing its glaring eyes from its slayer as long as life lasts. The living pecaries pay no attention to the dead or dying, but sit there on their haunches, hoping for revenge until the last one dies. As a drove of pecaries will in ten seconds bear a grizzly bear into such minute fragments that you can scarcely find a piece of bone two inches long after the ceremony is over, you can imagine what should a hunter would have in meeting a hostile group of them. But un molested a drove of pecaries is as harmless as a drove of sheep, except toward bears or mountain lions. You may pass within ten feet of a drove of these vindictive little animals, and they will not notice you with any hostile intent unless you are foolish enough to commit some overt act. Then your friends will wonder all their lives whatever could have become of you. The pecary, for some reason, draws the line at bears and mountain lions. If you are looking for either of the latter and find pecaries, change your base. You will find neither grizzly, silver tip, brown or black bears, nor mountain lions within miles of any range where pecaries are feeding. When it comes to being the king of American beasts the pecary holds the scepter.

"The pecary—I mean the white-tipped pecary, the only one that travels in droves, the other one, the colored pecary, being shy and harmless and going only in pairs—is odd in every way. Physically, as well as morally, he seems to be an abnormal sort of creature. He has the general appearance and habit of the hog, but the hoofs and three stomachs of the cow. On his back he has a gland which secretes a musk, and three minutes after a pecary is killed its flesh will be entirely impregnated with the secretion. Just what this composite construction of the pecary is for is a reminiscence of the hog, the cow and the muskrat—no one seems to have discovered as yet. But one thing is certain, the pecary is tough and absolutely without fear."

JOHN A. COCKERILL.

A Wise Woman.

Husband—Where is the hatchet?
Wife—in the attic.
"If you saw it in the attic, why didn't you bring it down?"
"I didn't see it."
"Then who did?"
"No one that I know of."
"Then how in creation do you know it's in the attic?"
"I heard you up there yesterday driving a nail."—N. Y. Weekly.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Boston Store

GREAT SACRIFICE
CLEARING SALE
CONTINUES

from day to day until nothing of Spring and Summer Goods remain, all articles advertised in last Sunday's issue of this paper continue on sale, lose no time, now is the opportunity to buy Merchandise at less than cost of manufacture.

Boston Store

Special Cash Bargains for this Week.

Thomas Shaw.

Special Cash Bargains for this Week.

1 new Steinway piano, upright \$385.
1 new Behr Bros. piano, upright \$305.
1 new Webster piano, upright \$419.
1 new Hallett & Davis piano, large, \$435.
1 new Estey piano, upright, \$310.
1 new Newby & Evans piano, fancy case \$255.
1 second-hand Chicago Cottage, little used, \$300.
1 second-hand Briggs, little used, \$125.
1 second-hand Vase & Son, square \$125.
A line of specials on organs, at \$25 to \$75. The above are all big bargains and you should not miss them if you want a fine piano.

BICYCLES.

I have the best known to the trade, the Victor, Pneumatic. I have never known to be punctured; the Columbia is considered by experts to have no superior. The Hartford is the same; the Union 230 is another high grade tire. Any of above seldom ever need repair. If you hear a dealer always talking repairs and how they can do it, you may be sure their wheel will always need it. I will sell you one that seldom ever needs repairs. If it ever does it is as easy to do as anything on earth. Come and see what I have. Largest stock of all kinds.

THOS. SHAW.

129 North Main St.



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\$2 TO \$3 PER DAY

"First Train for Wichita People."

Wichita to Chicago without change of cars via the Great Rock Island route. Leave Wichita at 5:50 a. m. and arrive in Chicago, near downtown, at 7:15. First-class sleeping cars, Pullman palace sleeping cars, and elegant dining cars on this train.

City Ticket & Passenger Agent, W. H. WHEAT, Wichita, Kan.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. A., Chicago, Ill.

A Magnificent Train for Chicago via Santa Fe Route.

Leaving Wichita at 11:05 a. m., arriving in Chicago 9:15 a. m. next day. Vested in through.

Extension to St. George.

For the pretty schoolman and her friends, the great meeting of 1892 is that of the National Educational association at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The date is July 12-15.

The rate is one fare for round trip (plus \$1.00 membership fee), and is open to every body.

With great wisdom the Kansas teachers have selected the Santa Fe route to Chicago as the official line for their special reduced fares.

This train will probably leave Kansas City about July 9.

A better chance is rarely offered for a cheap trip to the old home town "back east."

Local agent of A. T. & S. F. R. R. will extend it a privilege to fully explain the details to you.

Rock Island Excursion List.

Destination, Rate, Tickets on sale, Limit, Return, etc.

Rock Island, Kan., April 12, 1892.

After thoroughly testing the Behr Bros. piano along side of one of the oldest and best known high grade instruments I can fully recommend it as meeting every requirement of a strictly first-class piano.

City Ticket and Passenger Agent, W. H. WHEAT, Wichita, Kan.